THE Publick Spirit OF THE TORIES,

Manifested in the CASE of the Learned

Irish DEAN,

AND HIS

Man *TIMOTHY*.

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Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire e'er jump more right.
Hud. Cant. 1. p. 20.

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21.

THE DEVIL

AMONG THE LAWYERS

OR THE

BLACK ART

THE Publick Spirit OF THE TORIES.

NOTHING ever ſurpriz'd me more than the great Impudence of the Whigs, in laying a Claim to publick Spirit of late; when, at the ſame Time, there is no Set of Men have a leſſer Share of it, than they. If ſuch a Thing be to be found in this Nation, it is lodg'd amongſt the Tories; they are the only Publick Spirited Men. For what is Publick Spirit, other than to be ready to engage in any thing to ſerve the Turn and Intereſt of a Party. And if this, as it certainly is, be the Senſe of thoſe Two Words,

what Pretence have the Whigs to it? And how much of it has appear'd in the Tories? I defie all Mankind to produce me any one Inſtance, where the Tories ſtuck at a Scheme to encreaſe their Numbers and Power, though by it the Nations Safety was put in eminent Danger. I likewiſe defie the World to ſhew me, where the Tories ever failed to ſupport the vileſt of Wretches, if they were but of their Principles; whilſt the Whigs have been dropping the worthieſt of Men, even after they had ventured their All for the Cauſe.

After this, tell me who are the Men of Publick Spirit. Is there a Writer ſo vile, ſo abandoned to all Senſe of Shame, whom the Highflyers will deſpiſe or reject, if he dares but own their Cauſe? Did they ever deliver up any of their Party to the Puniſhment and Reſentment of the Whigs, even in Caſes where they could not pretend to juſtifie the Man? Or did any Scribler ever draw his Pen for them, whom they have not amply rewarded for it? And what, pray, have the Whigs done like theſe Things, to ſhew their Publick Spirit? This very *Iriſh* Dean, who is now the Drawcanſir, or Head Spitfire of the other Party, was once a ſtanch Low-Churchman; but being thought of a Character inconſiſtent with any Preferment but one, he was, according to Cuſtom, neglected by the Whig Party. And now mark the Publick Spirit of the Tories; he no ſooner became one of them, but not looking the Gift-Horſe in the Mouth, they readily, and with open Arms, received the Renegado Divine. They pardoned all his former Errors, upon Promiſe that he ſhould commit none for the future, but on their Side; and from a Rank Whig Infidel, turn'd him ſtrait to an Orthodox believing Churchman. You may well imagine ſuch a ſudden and prodigious Alteration could not be wrought, but by ſomething of Magick; and indeed it was owing to a Wand, which a Conjurer has, that lives near the Water; one who knows by the Stars ſo well, that he is deſtin'd to another Death, that he is not afraid of drowning.

The

The Hiſtory of the Uſage the *Iriſh* Dean, and his Man *Timothy*, have met with from the Tories, being ſomething curious, and an Inſtance of their Publick Spirit, ſhall be the Subject of the following Sheets.

It will be impoſſible to give a truer Character of the *Iriſh* Dean, whom for the future we ſhall call *Philatheus*, than that which an old Friend, and intimate Acquaintance of his has given him; one, whom like his other old Friends, he has of late diſown'd.

In the 59th Page *Of the Tale of a Tub*, Printed in 1711, you will find it thus written. *This is indeed more than I can juſtly expect from a Quill, worn to the Pith in the Service of the State, in* Pro's *and* Con's *upon Popiſh Plots,* (**Band-Boxes**) *Meal-tubs, and Excluſion-Bills, and Paſſive-Obedience, and Addreſſes of Lives and Fortunes, and Prerogative and Popery, and Liberty of Conſcience, and Letters to a Friend; from an Underſtanding, and a Conſcience raged with perpetual Turning; from a Head broken in an Hundred Places by the Malignants of the oppoſite Factions; and from a Body ſpent with Poxes ill cured, by truſting to Bawds and Surgeons, who (as it afterwards appeared) were profeſt Enemies to me and the Government, and revenged their Parties Quarrel upon my Noſe and Shins. Fourſcore and Eleven Pamphlets have I writ under Three Reigns, and for the Service of Six and Thirty Factions.*

Nothing I think can be added to compleat this Character, more neceſſary than Four Lines of a late Poem written by a Reverend Divine, which are thus;

In State Opinions A-la-mode,
He hated Wh——n *like a Toad;*
Had giv'n the Faction many a Wound,
And libel'd all the Junta *round.*

Now

Now upon this Occaſion I would have my Reader Remark, that he had writ many Panegyricks on theſe Worthies of the *Junta*, and Libel'd on their Side till the Change, which ſhews that he was much ſuch a Diſputant as *Hudibraſs*, of whom 'tis ſaid,

On either Side he would diſpute,
Confute, change Hands, and ſtill confute.

This is the *Don Quixot*, the Renown'd, and firſt Champion in Black and White, of the Tory Side; this is the Man that muſt imploy his worn-out Quill in *Conduits of Allies*, *Publick Spirit of the Whigs*, *Anſwers to Barrier Treaties*, and *Epiſtles to a Noble Peer*; this is the Man, who is made Supervisor to that Weekly Lampoon upon Honeſty, the *Examiner*.

And laſtly, this is the Man, that will, upon a Turn, Libel the Enemies of a *Junta* round, if any one will employ him, and his Quill be not quite worn out by that time; for his Pen ſeems very much ſpoiled of late, and writes very black. But to conclude, and tell the beſt of him, this is the Man, who has one of the beſt Deaneries in *Ireland*, beſides Money, and all for Scribling but Two Years againſt his own ragged Conſcience, *a rich Reward for a dirty Work*.

Give me an Inſtance of ſuch Publick Spirit as this among the Whigs? Did they ever Cheriſh or Reward this Dean, even when he writ with his Conſcience, and of their Side? Did *Wh*———*n* ever find out a Deanry fit for him in *Ireland*? No; for then he never had hated him like a Toad. The Whigs thought him too much a Scandal to the Gown he wore, to make him any thing more conſiderable. Vile Atheiſts! that would not prefer the Orthodox Author *Of the Tale of a Tub*. But the Tories have uſed him in a Noble Manner, their Publick Spirit would not let the moſt Scandalous ſtarve, while he

he had a Pen for their Service, if they paid him; but I dare say when their Pence are gone, as I hope in God, 'twill not be long e'er they are, they will then find the old Proverb true, *Point d' Argent, Point d' Su——t*, I would say *Swiss*. For I doubt not but he would have answer'd with *Hudibras*, had the same Questions been put to him.

What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About Two Hundred Pounds a Year;
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? Two Hundred more.

And so leaving the Doctor and his Conscience to complain, as my Lord *Howard* did of his being a Witness, that they have suffered too much Drudgery, and wishing the Party joy of so unenvied a Jewel as this Dean *Philatheus*, we will turn our Eyes a little upon his Man *Timothy*, who hits the old Proverb to a T. of like Master, like Man.

Now as I have made use of that Ingenious Author of *Hudibras* to help me to describe the Dean, so I cannot better give you his Man *Timothy*'s Character than from the same Hand, where speaking of *Ralpho*, he says,

His Knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another Kind.
His Wit was sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crack'd and broken.
He much of Terra * incognita,
Th' Intelligible World cou'd say,
A deep occult Philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish *are,*
Or Sir Agrippa, *for Profound*
And Solid Lying much renown'd.

* *Latin for the* South-Sea.

This

This is the trueſt Deſcription of halfwitted *Timothy*'s Genius that I have yet ſeen; but there are ſome few Vertues of his, that qualify him for Under-Examiner, which ought to be a little hinted, leaſt the Man ſhould think, that his Embroider'd Cloaths (which are but a Lion's Livery) and his Gold-Watch and Snuff-Box, ſhould have made his Old Acquaintance forget what he was in his own Coat, before he became my Lord's Fool.

He has pretty light Fingers, ſomewhat given to theft; inſomuch, that when I heard firſt of the *Rape of a Lock*, before I had read that excellent Piece, I thought it had been a Reflection upon poor Squire *Timothy*.

For he being requeſted by ſome Friend, to burleſque the *Rights of the Church*, and fancying that *Lock* was a witty Book upon *Humane Underſtanding*, out of which he might Collect many good quick Turns, to banter his Antagoniſt, he ſteps into an Auction, with a Reſolution to have it. * But having laid out his Money on a *Vegetative Pair of Breeches, and a Senſative Doublet*, the poor Wit had nothing left to purchaſe this *Lock*; and therefore, as being the cheapeſt Way to come by it, thought fit to convey it under his Cloak; but the Bookſeller, who knew, and of conſequence ſuſpected him, wou'd not let him eſcape without a Search; and ſo he was quickly deprived of his *Humane Underſtanding*, which he never has been able ſince to recover.

* *Vid. Tim. & Phil.* p. 5.

But to quit this Idle Slip, he is certainly a Man of great Courage, for you ſee, he dare abuſe in the Vileſt Manner one whom, even whole Armies of the *French* have fled from. However, 'tis without daring to put his Name to his Scandal, like Schoolboys that ſtand ſneaking behind a Door, throwing Stones at all that paſs by. This is a Scatch, as large as I have

time

time to make of *Timothy*, Doctor *Philatheus*'s Journeyman. For he is the constant Drudge, while his Master is labouring in the Vineyard, like an honest Parson, with two or three Friends, and only steps in to help when *Timothy* is at a Loss.

And now observe what Fruit this very Fellow has reaped from his Principles, and the Publick Spirit of the Tories.

From being in an exalted Habitation, *anglice*, a *Garret*, supported by *Copy-Money*, and the kind Benevolence of a trusting Bookseller, all which scarce kept this wretched Soul and Body together, and from hiding his Head, for fear of a fatal clap on the Shoulder, the Publick Spirit of the Tories has relieved him, I say, from all these Miseries; and in their Room, has given him all the Happiness that a Man haunted with a Guilty Conscience can Enjoy. They have enabled him to live in Splendor and Plenty, and appear in Publick, (in Dress I mean, and not in Print) like a Gentleman. This is a Change in a Man's Fortune, sufficient to tempt one of no more Principle than he or his Master, to write Volumes on the Tory Side.

This is Publick Spirit with a Witness. However, I would advise *Timothy* to consider the *Ant*, which lays up in the Summer, least she should be starved in the Winter; for though the Moon, that inconstant Planet, which seems to rule *England* be now in the Full, it may not be long before it is in the Wain; And then Squire *Timothy* may be stripped of his Fine Feathers, with which he has plumed himself, and return'd to the Garret from whence he came, and perhaps thence to the Place of Execution.

I have now set forth the Mens Characters and Rewards, who are very justly suspected to be guilty of the *Examiners*, I shall now proceed to examine the Merit of their Work, which if it follows them, will meet perhaps a warmer Fire than that which consumed Doctor *Sacheverell*'s vile Sermon.

And as I have borrowed the Character of both *Philatheus* and *Timothy* from other Books, as not truſting wholly to my own Judgment; ſo I hope the Reader will excuſe me, if I borrow the Character of the Paper, called the *Examiner*, from the Dedication of a Book, intituled, *Timothy* and *Philatheus*, *&c.* Vol 1ſt. *The Monſter has ſhewn himſelf far and near, and all that ſee him are aſtoniſh'd at his Deformity. By his own Laws he ſtands condemned, as well as by ours; and is as great a Contradiction to himſelf as he is to the reſt of Mankind. This ſhou'd rouſe an injured People, and make them unanimous in his Conviction. He is a Complication of all that's Pernicious and Abominable: There is nothing valuable to us, whether as* Britains, Proteſtants, Chriſtians, *or* Men, *but is here notoriouſly proſtituted and abuſed. He has rent the Veil of the Temple in twain, and made a Breach there wide enough to let in Anarchy and Confuſion; has tumbled the* Throne *down to the Ground, and laid the* Mitre *in the Duſt. There is not a Party or Sect among us, however Conſcientious, but he has maliciouſly reproached and vilified. Nothing, however Sacred, is ſecure from his Malice: Majeſty and Honour, the Dignity of Parliaments, the Privileges of the People, the Succeſſion, the Church, the Proteſtant Religion, Epiſcopacy, and Preſbytery, are all Partakers in the Scandal, and the joint Object of his Indignation; in ſhort, he is* Legion,

And now tell me, Gentle Reader, if you can be gentle, when you think of ſuch a deteſtable Monſter, is it poſſible in Nature to give a truer Picture of the *Examiner* than theſe Paſſages have done? And if it be ſo, how ſhameful is it, that the vile Wretches, who compoſe it, are unpuniſhed? Wou'd any one imagine, that a Work ſo Odious, which ſpares neither Age nor Sex, but like a Toad ſpits Venom on all it meets; and which cannot even let injured Honeſty ſleep in its Grave, ſhould meet with a Toleration under ſo excellent a Government? I can explain it by nothing but this, that as a certain

Lord

Lord has declared he does never read Pamphlets, ſo this Pape has eſcaped his Knowledge, and thence proceeds the Author's Safety; for had he but known the Abuſes this Villain has caſt on the Houſe of *Hanover*, Duke of *Marlborough*, Earl of *Godolphin* and other ſuch Worthies, no doubt they wou'd have met with their Reward. It is therefore pity but ſome publick ſpirited Man ſhou'd inform the Noble Peer, that there is ſuch a Paper as the *Examiner*, which comes out twice a Week, upon a half Sheet, and is full of indecent Reflections on the Whigs; and indeed, all that are not as vile as himſelf; and 'tis not to be doubted but ſuch an Information would have a mighty Effect. And till this be done, I wou'd adviſe every honeſt *Britan*, whenever he ſhall find himſelf perſonally abuſed, to take what Redreſs he ſhall judge proper, and not let the Rogue have what Liberty he pleaſes. For though publick Reſentment be aſleep; yet there is no reaſon why a private one ſhou'd not be awake.

And now I have conciſely given you the Characters and Works of theſe two famous Writers, Dean *Philatheus* and his Man *Timothy*; can any one ſufficiently admire the Publick Spirit of the Tories, in giving them ſuch ample Rewards? When the Party ſuffers by entertaining ſuch vile, abject Wretches, and when their abuſive Way of Writing makes no unbiaſt Man, but cenſure a Cauſe for being ſo defended, what a Generous Publick Spirit it is, without any farther regard than their being Zealous, to heap ſo great Benefit on them. I leave my Reader to proceed in Reflections of this Nature, which the more he dwells upon, the more he will admire the Publick Spirit of the High-Church-Men. And ſurely ſince they have ſo much Publick Spirit, the Nation cannot be in ſuch Danger, as the diſcontented Whigs wou'd repreſent it to be. No! we ſhall never be near Ruin, till we have two Deans made in one Year, the one for Lying, and the other for Swearing. Which will not probably happen in this Honeſt Age, where Virtue meets ſo conſtantly with a warm Reception.

And

And now I believe, I may venture to say, that *the British Nation, expect*, that the *Examiner* shou'd be silenced. *They expect it*, because he has none left him to abuse, but those of his own side, for all the rest have over and over been the Subject of his Satyr, till the Repetition is grown Dull.

They expect it, because the Doctor may be useful now in his own Calling, and in his own Deanry. For who so amply qualify'd to convert the Wild *Irish* as *Philathens*. And least the Work shou'd be too great for the Abilities of one Man, I would advise his Man *Timothy* to leave off his shining Dress, and accept of a Gown, and with it an *Irish* Prebend, which no doubt his great Merit may easily obtain; I doubt not, but they will be as famous as any of the most renown'd *Spanish* Missionaries; and if they shou'd chance to turn Honest there, 'twill be a greater Miracle, than ever was read of in any of the *Legenda Aurea*; And I shall not fail upon such a Miraculous Change, to put St. *Sw——t* in my Breviary. When such strange things happen, *South-Sea* may be at *Par*, Credit may Revive, Honesty be Successful, the D: may return, and the Sky fail to afford us plenty of Larks; nay, which is more, the Pretender may have no Friends in one House, nor no Pensioners in another. And so good Night to the Reader, or if he has studied *Spanish*, *Bonus Noctus*.

FINIS.

THERE is now in the Press, and will speedily be Publish'd, *The Cheating Parson Compleat*; with many new Tricks never before made Publick. Dedicated to the *Westminster* Jury. By a *Frenchman*.